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BROADWAY MAGAZINE

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JUNE 1899

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Broadway Favorites.

From a photograph by Bassett, New York.

JANE ENGLISH.

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Broadway Favorites.

Photograph by Eddowes Bros., New York.

AMELIA BINGHAM.

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Broadway Favorites.

Photograph by Bassett, New York.

BONNIE MAGINN.

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THE · LILY · OF · THE · VALLEY.
"Oh I'm a lily er ther valley" &c.
Belched a beer-beladen tramp,
To a curious country crony—
In the dark & dismal damp;
'For I sow not & I reap not, &
'I never toil yer see, & &c.
'King Solmon in his glory
'Warn't 'rayed like one 'er me,
'No, Solmon in his Sunday best,
'Warn't rayed like one 'er me,
'So, I'm er lily er ther valley, sir,
'As plain, as plain can be!".

SEVERE.

"INTELLIGENCE has just reached me ——" began Mr. Blodger as he sat down to the dinner-table.

"At last!" exclaimed Mrs. Blodger, with an indrawing of the breath.

RUSHED.

"CLAUDIA, is the young man industrious to whom you are engaged?"

"Industrious? Why, papa, he said he intended to propose to me a month ago, but was too busy."

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FLORENCE CROSBY.
From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

GERTRUDE QUINLAN.
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ADA MAYALL.
From a photograph by Chickering, Boston.

FRANCES WILSON. (That's right.)
From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

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FAY TEMPLETON.
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HILDA SPONG.
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BERTHA GALLAND.

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LETTICE FAIRFAX

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A STAGE PRIMER.

(WRITTEN BY LITTLE GOLDLEAF, THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.)

A is for Anna, the little French doll,
Whose shoulders and eyes are the envy of all.

B is for Bernhardt, so tall and so slim,
Who gives her *Camille* with great talent and vim.

C is for Cissy, the girl with a wink—
A dazzler she is and so sweet, don't you think?

D is for Della, at present in love,
So now she is starring in cloudland above.

E is for Effie, Miss Shannon so fair,
Whose "Moth and the Flame" maketh good people glare.

F is for Filkins, correctly named Grace,
In Broadhurst's "Last Chapter" she took a good place.

G is for Grace George of ingénue face,
Who now in "Miss Fifi" is doing the pace.

H is for Hilda, the pretty Miss Clark,
A singer of op'ra and bright, shining mark.

"It is said that New York is to have a number of street sweeps like those in London."—*New York daily paper.*
If they're anything like this bring 'em along QUICK.

I is for Isidore, great on the stage,
Whose songs of Kentucky are now all the rage.

J, Julia Arthur, Canadian star,
For beauty and fame she is noted afar.

K is for charming and coy Agnes Knight,
Whose help makes "A Brace of Partridges" bright.

L is for Lillian, great divorcée,
Who has photographs taken almost every day.

M for Madge Lessing, the girl who wears tights—
As "A Dangerous Maid" New York in her delights.

N is for Neilson, prima donna petite,
In her new operetta as *Irma* we greet.

O is that little French lady Otéro,
Who dances divinely and wears a bolero.

P, Phoebe Davis of "Away Down East" fame,
As *Anna Moore* she has now made a great name.

Q, Queenie Vassar, same name as the college;
She sings and is graceful, we all will acknowledge.

R is Ruth White, Quaker name and like city,
In opera singing and looking quite pretty.

S, Marguerite Sylva, so shapely and neat,
For beauty and grace she can never be beat.

T is for Truax, the sweet whistling bird,
Delightful it is when her whistle is heard.

U, Dorothy Usner with gayly bright smile,
Go see her at work; it is quite worth your while.

V is Virginia, the pretty Miss Earle,
Who sings her cute songs in "The Runaway Girl."

W for Blanche Walsh, who's now so renowned,
Superbly she acts and is splendidly gowned.

X is no actress we know in this age—
If any appear, let her take to the stage.

Y, Yvette Guilbert, of the long and black glove,
Whose ditties, so naughty, so many men love.

Z is for Zella, a zealous young belle,
Her accents so clearly a story do tell.

CLARET PORT.

ESTIMATION.

EDWIN (*anxiously*)—So your father speaks very highly of me, does he?
ANGELINA—Yes; to rile mother.

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE CALENDAR
JUNE 1906
SUNDAY MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THURSDAY FRIDAY SATURDAY
1 2 3
4 5 6 7 8 9 10
11 12 13 14 15 16 17
18 19 20 21 22 23 24
25 26 27 28 29 30

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MISS MARLOWE IN *COLINETTE'S* COURT DRESS.

JULIA MARLOWE AS SAUCY *COLINETTE*.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY YE ROSE STUDIO, PROVIDENCE, R. I., AND CHICKERING, BOSTON. REPRODUCED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

JULIA MARLOWE is the very personification of stage girlishness, and in the title rôle of "Colinette," the French comedy, as done into English by Henry Guy Carleton for Charles Frohman, Miss Marlowe fairly gurgles and bubbles over. This play has to do with the stirring times of 1815. *Colinette* has

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Ready to be presented.

Just waiting.

In this garb she sees Louis.

From photograph copyrighted, 1899, by Te Rose Studio, Providence, R. I.

In her dressing-room.

a husband who gets himself into a scrape by intriguing against Louis

XVIII. She saves him by making love to *Louis*, Commander of the Police, and

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Miss Marlowe in her husband's clothes.

even beards the gouty old reprobate himself, overthrows the plotting *d'Alberede*, wins pardon for her husband, and eases the gouty leg of the king. In this last scene Miss Marlowe wears her husband's clothes, and wears them so prettily that not even the greatest prude in the audience could call her unwomanly. In fact, it would be extremely difficult for Miss Marlowe to do anything that isn't dainty and pretty and altogether proper, although she is no stage prude, and no one more than she knows how to get out of a part every bit of business there is in it.

Miss Marlowe might be called the great American *ingénue*, were it not for the fact that this word is used for so many simpering and idiotic women, who think that giggling and being saucy and impudent are all that is necessary in order to be strikingly girlish. Miss Marlowe is a natural and real *ingénue*.

THE LATEST STAR.

ALBERTA GALLATIN, who will be remembered for her excellent work with CharlesCoghlan at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last season, is to star next fall in a piece written especially for her by Frances Aymer Matthews. This piece, which is entitled "Strangers Within our Gates," has been adapted from an English novel. Miss Matthews, it will be remembered, gained some dramatic fame by writing "Joan" for Fanny Davenport. While it was not heralded as a great success, there was in it, nevertheless, some good material, and showed that Miss Matthews would sooner or later make her mark in American theatricals.

Miss Gallatin is at present engaged in the task of thinking over a cast for "Strangers Within our Gates." This is a rather unkind statement to make, as it will undoubtedly lead to busy days and sleepless nights on the part of Miss Gallatin, who will discover in a flash how many great leading-men are out of positions, never, of course, through any fault of their own. But these things must be!

From photographs, copyrighted 1898, by Stein, Milwaukee.

ALBERTA GALLATIN.

No, indeed; the Red Soubrette has not stopped writing for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. See what she has to say in the July number.

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"How I love my friends, the Vanderbilts."

ISADORA DUNCAN

AS THE ONLY REAL SOCIETY PET.

MISS DUNCAN is not a professional stage dancer. Don't make any mistake on that score. She isn't a giddy, gaudy young thing, who trips through the many scenes of a Broadway burlesque. She is, you must understand once and for all, a society dancer, pure and simple, although, now that we think of it, there is really no reason why she should not be pure and simple even if on the professional stage.

Miss Duncan holds forth at such ultra-fashionable places as the Waldorf-Astoria, Sherry's and Carnegie Lyceum. She spurns Broadway with a large, deep, thick spurn, that almost makes us ashamed of having anything to do with the thoroughfare. Miss Duncan is "patronized," of course; that is to say, there are certain women in society who pat her kindly on the back, say a good word for her to their friends who are getting up entertainments, and even prove their sincerity by engaging her themselves. Thus it is that Miss Duncan can say "how-de-do?" to more society women than Loie Fuller can ever hope to know, although it is quite possible that this fact does not worry Miss Fuller to any great extent. In fact, if Miss Duncan were to take dinner every night in the week with Mrs. Astor, and go out driving every Saturday morning with Mrs. Townsend Burden, it probably would not make her more expert in manipulating her feet.

Miss Duncan is really an excellent descriptive dancer; she portrays things with her arms and feet just as Paderewski does with his fingers. She is very, very classic and is horribly, dreadfully afraid of becoming anything but absolutely and painfully refined. It can thus be seen that Miss Duncan occupies a rather unique position among American dancers. Long may she retain it.

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"Isn't Mrs. Highuppe kind to throw those flowers!"

Buffalo Bill, over his own signature, will give you the real facts of the origin of "The Rough Riders," in the July Broadway Magazine.

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SNAP-SHOTS AT ISADORA DUNCAN, NEW YORK'S SOCIETY DANCER.

SHOWING SOME OF THE POSES IN WHICH SHE INDULGES DURING HER DANCES.

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HAVE YOU EVER BEFORE SEEN A CENTRE PAGE IN A MAGAZINE? HERE'S ONE.

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A PRINCE IN NEW YORK.

BY H. D. LOWRY.

Illustrated by F. W. BAILEY.

I CAME out into the clear air of the night and walked slowly westward. I had well-nigh gained the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway when a man touched me on the shoulder, and I turned to recognize Prince Lucian. Some five years earlier he had suddenly appeared in New York, coming, as it were, out of nowhere; and from that time forth he had seemed to possess no other ambition than to surprise and scandalize the world. He was the hero of half a score of novels, and of a million newspaper paragraphs. He was young, handsome, and—to all appearance—vastly wealthy; his own ever-varying whim was the one standard of conduct he recognized.

The town had rung with many a tale of his recklessness; yet, for some reason, all the world had lately grieved to hear that this prodigal had come near to the end of his fortune. There were some who wondered what would be the manner of his final disappearance; for it was evident that he must disappear if poverty had come to him.

He touched me on the shoulder, astonishing me by remembrance of my name. "I might well need a chronicler," he said. "If you are free of engagements, I would like the favor of your company. But walk down yonder, first of all, and see what you may see."

So saying he turned away, and I walked onward. The scene was of the most amazing kind. A number of men whose faces alone had sufficed to bespeak them servants, were moving about through the crowd. Now and again they stopped and spoke briefly to the women who thronged the sidewalk; these laughed at first, but in the end moved further north to where a long array of cabs was waiting. The men did not turn to notice what they did, but addressed others of the women, with precisely similar results. The scene was to me altogether inexplicable, and since I knew the Prince alone could explain it, I turned back again and rejoined him.

"It is about time that I should go," he said, without waiting to be questioned. "A man must be at home to give his guests a welcome." Then, without further words, he led me to his carriage, which stood waiting, and gave the word "Home."

Reaching a great house in West Seventy-second Street, to whose long history he had added its most fantastic chapter, he led me to a small and exquisitely appointed room, in which were a hundred strange and rare things, whose intrinsic rarity was not more notable than the fact of their having been brought together by the same collector, and he Prince Lucian. It was strange that any one man should love so many varied and quite odd and unexpected forms of beauty

"Very soon the guests entered."

"I owe you some little explanation," said the Prince. "I learn that the good public is assured I am near the end of my resources, and wonders how I shall choose to disappear. This is the last night of my life as Prince Lucian, and I have chosen you—if I may rely upon your kindness—to be its chronicler."

He quitted the subject immediately, and talked carelessly of the strange and beautiful things he had collected in that little room. But presently he glanced at a small enameled clock. "It is time that we should join

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my guests," he said, and led the way to a huge room, which we had passed in ascending to his study

The assemblage gathered there was of a sort that altogether beggars description. The room itself had dark oak panels, and a polished floor; great fires flamed in four wide hearths, and the walls were ablaze with candles. In it were gathered more than a hundred of the women of the streets. Some were old and bore the marks of long apprenticeship to misery upon their faces; some were beautiful, with Jezebel's beauty, and insolent, as she was insolent; and here and there a face shone pure and flower-like, stirring the ancient memories a man would fain subdue. Nor was there a less striking variety of attire and bearing. Indeed, the two things were not unrelated; there were some who bore themselves flauntingly, some who shrunk from observation, as he might have done who had not on the wedding garment. The Prince surveyed them, and then, with a word to a servant, passed to the next room.

It was a great place prepared for dancing, and already some stringed instruments were giving forth a mournful waltz.

The Prince passed on, I following, and in a moment we had entered the banqueting hall. The walls were hung with draperies of rose color; the light came softly from some unseen source overhead; and a long table, shining with silver and crystal, and pale roses on the snowy linen, stretched almost from end to end of the room. The Prince surveyed the scene critically, and, observing some detail that was not wholly to his liking, gave orders for its alteration. Very soon the guests entered. A strain of dance music entered with them, and continued to be audible; and there was now a strange change in their demeanor, for each had donned a cloak of rose or white, and there was none among them who needed to feel ashamed because her dress was poor.

They entered and chose their seats at the table, and suddenly one of them cried out delightfully, for, as she opened her napkin, some gold coins fell upon the table. Immediately the others began to search, and it was a thing of amazing interest to watch the manner in which they comported themselves. Some played with the coins upon the table, laughing with the inconsequent delight of children in a new and wonderful toy. Some hid the gold straightway. Some showed it to their neighbors, and made certain they had not received less than others. One girl stooped to help her companion in the recovery of a coin which had dropped upon the floor. The Prince watched them all with a strange, inscrutable expression upon his face.

"Leaning backwards to listen to the music."

A moment later, the room was filled with servants, who proceeded to wait upon the women of the street, filling their glasses again and again, and plying them with delicate meats, such as the daughters of Joy should always feed upon. The girls ate and drank shyly at first, for the strangeness of the occasion affected them all with a certain nervousness. For a time there was little heard, save the sound of the violins in the room, where the dancing was to take place. But gradually there came a change. A buzz of talk arose; there was laughter; and one girl, with the face of an innocent child, turned from the table, leaning backwards to listen to the music. Suddenly, at the end, the Prince rose in his place, and made a sign to the serving-men. There was silence while they filled all glasses, includ-

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ing mine and his. When they had withdrawn in silence, Prince Lucian spoke:

"We have lived for Joy," he said, "and are bound to his service for ever. In this house in West Seventy-second Street will be a ceremony that shall endear us still further to all that is beautiful in life—only that which is the true satisfier of all desire for the best. You will never forget it nor will you ever remember it. Let us drink to Joy and to Sleep—the one joy that never fails."

By a singular piece of clumsiness, he knocked my glass from my hand as I was about to raise it to my lips, his eyes meeting mine with an urgent, but unintelligible, glance. He raised his glass and drained it, and the women, standing, followed the example set. There was a fresh outbreak of laughter, and the aspect of each face—all shadow of care removed—is stamped upon my memory as I saw it that moment, when all looked laughingly towards the Prince.

For, while they still laughed, the rosy light died out in an instant, and darkness filled the room. For a moment, there was silence; then came wild laughter and the cry of women's voices, with the sound of moving bodies. But in a little while, the darkness continuing, a boundless horror came upon me. For the sounds were no longer all of laughter; there had come an indefinable change, which thrilled me like the consciousness of some loathsome and abominable presence In a moment, the change was absolute; the violins still softly wailed in the distance, and in the utter darkness of the room, death had his will with the women of the street.

I heard them drop and writhe and then a cry of horror froze on my lips; I found my way to the doorway. The musicians ceased and turned.

"Bring lights!" I cried. "Bring lights." And straightway I led them to the hall of the feasting, each man bearing a candle taken from the wall.

The feast was indeed ended; for of those whose faces I had seen flushed with wine and laughter but a minute before, there was not one that lived now. The pretty child still seemed to finger the gold coins upon the table, and one dark empress of a woman stared with wide eyes—indignant at death—to where Prince Lucian had sat. The Prince lolled back comfortably in his chair. The goblet which had held the poisoned wine glittered in a thousand fragments at his feet.

"One dark empress of a woman stared with wide eyes—indignant at death."

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JUST WHEELS!

BY TEN PENNIE.

A nice man to do it for her.

THERE isn't any question about it. There's nothing like the early days of Summer.

Now, don't get excited, you skaters and you snowballers, and you sleighers and you footballers, who think Winter is the finest season of the year. Don't get excited, I say, because you're all dead wrong, and the sooner you know it, the better. I say that there's nothing like the early days of Summer for the very simple reason that I ride the bicycle, and if that doesn't give me a respectful hearing before the population of the United States — or, in other words, the readers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE — then I'm a crustacean, and a raw green one at that.

Yes, I ride the bicycle.

Of course, you do, too. Well, then, as man to man, tell me honestly if you know of a finer season of the year for riding your machine than that extending from May 25th to June 25th! (That is exactly, by a curious coincidence, the time this copy of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE is to be on the newsstands. How surprising!) No, of course you can't. I see you retire baffled and pale to the lips, muttering, "Ah, he has us on the hip for sure! What a wonderful arguer the man is!"

Has to mend it all by herself.

Well, then, keep quiet and listen to my tale of go.

How nice to start out in the morning (after a good breakfast consisting of strawberries and cream, a small steak with Ashland House potatoes, coffee and a cigarette), with the fresh, crisp sun a-beating down upon your shapely shoulders and the soft breeze a-flopping caressingly in your ancestral face, and your well-built legs fanning the pedals of your beauteous bike like forty. It makes one fall altogether in love with primeval nature and cry, "Oh, the birds! Oh, the breezes and the treeses and the sunshine, and the appetite for lunch!" Yes, and you'll exclaim other poetical exclamations, too, if you're not careful.

But a truce to ribaldry.

All this is very jolly, but now much more corking is it when you're not alone; when, accompanied by a member of the opposite sex, you spin along

"Who wants a drink?"

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THE BEAUTIFUL MLLE. SOREL.

A PRESIDENT'S CIRCE.

THE late Félix Faure, the president of the French republic, was a great admirer of the fair sex. He is not the only Frenchman to whom such a remark could be applied, but the receipt of the accompanying photograph from our correspondent in Paris reminds us of the fact.

Mademoiselle Sorel is a beautiful young Jewess who long ruled M. Faure's heart, and when the French president died, it was given out that he died at her house; but it was not so, as she happened to be dining with a well-known American at the time of the President's death. Nevertheless, it was a close "might have been."

It was M. Faure's influence that secured Mlle. Sorel a position at the Odéon Theatre in Paris—a position, by the way, that she would not have been likely to get on her own unaided efforts, attractive as she is. Sorel is far from being a great actress, but she has a good presence, and many Parisian theatre-goers want to see her beauty. In France, as in other countries, beauty goes a long way.

the good roads Mr. Coxey says—and truly—that we can't have too many of!

The photographs that go with this scholarly treatise, and which I done took with my little camera not so very long ago, are meant to give an idea of nothing in particular except what you choose to make of them. If you should recognize the characters in them, hush! Don't say a word, or you might get me into trouble, and then I'd get served with a subpœna or something. I've got all the trouble I want just now with some new underwear I'm using, and which tickles me like whatser-name.

But what has all that to do with bicycling? Nothing!

What I love about a road-house are the prices they charge for things. In connection with this I may say I am rather fond of beer, but alas! Well, never mind.

A pretty nurse to dress his wound.

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MISS BROADWAY

Is now ready to meet all comers any fine day on Riverside Drive.

NO ENTHUSIAST.

MINE HOST—Yes, there's lots of golf playin' here. Some of the folks 'ud rather play golf than eat.
VISITOR—Well, I'm not one of that kind. Just remember that I expect three meals a day.

A GREAT MANAGER.

"You look worried, my dear," said Childers when he came home from the office the other day. "What is the matter?"

"The children have been very tiresome to-day," replied Mrs. Childers, wearily. "It seemed as if they would make me distracted."

"Don't let 'em!" said Childers with considerable energy. "Don't let them ride over you. Just—Willie, don't talk when papa's talking—just deal with them gently, but firm—did you hear me, Willie?—firmly, and you'll get along all—silence, Willie, this instant!—all right. As for letting 'em worry—don't pull my pockets, Dick—letting 'em worry—Dick! don't pull my pockets, I said—worry—will you take your hands out or not? Now keep them out. You've broken a couple of cigars for me now—you—what's Willie making such a noise about, Annie? Great Scott! he's got my silk hat. Take it—hang it up high. Now, Dick, if you cry, you'll have—now they've *both* commenced. It does seem, Annie, 's if the minute I come into the house—I can't think—I can't *think*. Won't you take 'em off to bed? My gracious! I bet if *I* was at home, I'd——"

But as the boys clattered away upstairs, Childers gazed gloomily into space.

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NAT. C. GOODWIN,
In "An American Citizen."

SOME PLAYERS AS SEEN BY A CHICAGO CARICATURIST.

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THE name of Sewell T. Collins, Jr., may be a new one to the New York readers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, but to our Chicago readers (of whom there seems to be no low number, to judge by what the news companies tell us) this name will be familiar, and especially to those interested in theatrical matters. For Mr. Collins has been distinguishing himself recently by the capital cartoons of distinguished actors which he has been drawing and which have appeared in the Chicago Sunday *Tribune*.

So popular did these caricatures become that at the earnest solicitations of his friends, and in compliance with the numerous demands of theatre-goers, they have been issued in book form and published by the Stratford press, in Chicago.

On the title-page appears the exceedingly apt quotation:

A most unattractive old thing, tra-la,
With a caricature of a face.
W. S. GILBERT.

WEBER AND FIELDS,
As "The Frankfurter Brothers."

JAMES T. POWERS,
In "The Circus Girl."

The drawings number about twenty and the edition is limited to one thousand copies. We may mention, not so much as a matter of absorbing interest, but purely as a record of detail, that the number of the copy sent us was 284.

It will be seen that Mr. Collins uses his trenchant pen and India ink on but one member of the fair sex in the theatrical profession. This is Miss May Irwin. Her merry face, however, is so easily caricatured that it does not seem odd that she should have been selected. Reproduced herewith is Mr. Collins' drawing of Miss Irwin. It is as the *Countess de Cagiac*, in "The Swell Miss Fitzwell," that Miss Irwin is supposed to have looked like this when she was in Chicago. Whether Miss Irwin feels flattered or not is a matter for conjecture, save only to her inmost self and her most intimate friends. However, it is to be presumed that, jolly as Miss Irwin usually is, she would not be slow to enter into the jest of the cartoon. Certainly she must appreciate the implied compliment in being cartooned at all. It is not everybody who enjoys that honor.

RICHARD MANSFIELD,
In "Cyrano de Bergerac"

Perhaps among the best of these twelve reproductions is that of John Philip Sousa, with his head rising above a sea of medals that seem to barnacle his entire per-

FRANCIS WILSON,
In "Half a King."

FRANZ EBERT,
As Napoleon.

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GEORGE BONIFACE, JR.,
In "What Happened to Jones."

son. The hunchy effect shown in the way he holds his right hand with the baton, and the finicky position of the finger and thumb of the left hand, are both very characteristic of Conductor Sousa, that is easy to see.

Our engraver seems to have had a more than usually intense admiration either for Dan Daly or for Mr. Collins' caricature of him, unless there be some other explanation to account for this cut being larger than the others. The ruggedness of Mr. Daly's features in the character of *Ichabod Bronson* in "The Belle of New York" is charmingly funny, and the semi-humorous, semi-haughty manner in which his *Mr. Bronson* is made to look over the left shoulder carries one back at a flash to the Casino stage.

There is a popular impression abroad that Mr. Richard Mansfield is acutely sensitive to criticism. Do you think he would feel indignant or pleased at Mr. Collins' reproduction of his nose and ruffles when performing the part of *Cyrano de Bergerac*? To

WALTER JONES,
As he appeared on Broadway and in Chicago.

tell the truth, there is not much of Mr. Mansfield's face to be seen. The nose and the hat and the ruffles take up the greater part of the picture, but then that, of course, is the essence of caricature.

A very lively and yet faithful portrayal of "Jimmy" Powers is the one at the top corner of the preceding page, with a cigar pointing up towards the horizon, and the raised eyebrows so significant of Mr.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA,
Giving an imitation of Walter Jones.

DE WOLF HOPPER,
In "El Capitan."

Powers' intention to say something funny. This caricature of the comedian was made when he was with "The Circus Girl."

New Yorkers will appreciate Mr. Collins' drawing of Messrs. Weber and Fields, who will be recognized at a distance of a thousand yards by even the blind.

Those of Nat. Goodwin, little Franz Ebert, Walter Jones, De Wolf Hopper and George Boniface are all excellent in their way, and there can be no question of the readers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE appreciating to the full the vigor and cleverness of Mr. Collins' art.

It must not be forgotten that while it is very easy to make a caricature of an actor, it is a different thing to make a good one. A merely grinning face reproduced is not a cartoon. The characteristics must be drawn out. This Mr. Collins has easily done. He has done it easily because he is a good artist, and his victims have been the first to recognize this.

MAY IRWIN,
In "The Swell Miss Fitzwell."

DAN DALY,
In "The Belle of New York."

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A NEW AMERICAN BEAUTY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY SCHLOSS, NEW YORK, AND PUBLISHED HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME.

HER name is Florence Crosby. She is a native of Boston, and she sighs for histrionic honors. As can readily be seen from the pictures we publish, Miss Crosby looks the part. This is one of the year's most artistic series of pictures, and if Miss Crosby is as able an actress as she is a *poseuse*, she need certainly have nothing to fear from the critics.

Miss Crosby, by the way, attracted a lot of attention when she was in New

Miss Crosby's hair is beautiful, isn't it?

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Miss Crosby in a languorous pose.

One of Miss Crosby's stunning street-gowns.

One of Miss Crosby's stunning hats.

A fluffy piece of gauze—and Miss Crosby.

York recently, from the fact that she was one of the best-dressed women in the street. Her gowns were marvels of the dressmaker's art, and her appearance on Broadway was a signal for instant attention from everyone in the neighborhood.

The BROADWAY MAGAZINE is rather proud of the fact that it is the first to print the pictures of this new Broadway beauty.

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THE PURSUIT OF VIRTUE.*

BY GORDON PALMER.

Illustrated by F. W. BAILEY.

A CONTINUED "TALE OF BROADWAY."

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens in a Broadway restaurant, with Helen Besley, a demi-mondaine, sitting at a table with Smalley, a man about town. Then enters Charlie Fairbanks (an acquaintance of Helen's) with Marie Clarkson, a pretty and innocent young store-girl. Helen, roused by Fairbanks' obvious regard for Marie, comes up and insults her, so that the latter faints and has to be taken to her boarding-house in a cab by Fairbanks.

CHAPTER III.

THE room was quite plain, though severely neat. About it were all the evidences of the cold, hard, prim poverty that lurked in every nook and cranny of the cheap little boarding-house down on Bank street, where Marie Clarkson paid her pittance for the uneasy bed and the table board that would never have given the gout to the unhealthiest person on earth.

The little alarm clock on the washstand in the corner ting-a-linged as the hands denoted six-thirty A. M. It really rang quite merrily, as if it tried to say a cheery "good-morning," but finally choked off into a weak diminuendo, as if the atmosphere of the room were too cheerless for its brazen little song.

At the last tinkle of the bell there was a movement from the form in the bed, and the tired eyes of the sleeper, pretty even in the early morning hour, opened lazily and then closed again for a moment, all a-weary, as if mutely appealing for more rest.

Slowly the light, youthful form, in its snowy white nightgown, appeared from out the clothes, and leaped to the centre of the room, making a picture for reverent eyes as it stood there in its fresh outlines, and the hair tumbled in confusion down the straight young back. Quickly she went to the small cracked mirror over the washstand and peered into its surface. The sight did not reassure her. She started back with an exclamation of affright.

"How can I ever show myself?" she said aloud. "I have never looked so badly in my life! Oh, what a terrible experience!" and she covered her face with her small, thin hands as she thought of her meeting with the Besley woman the night before, her sensational fainting outside the restaurant, and the drive home, where she was met by the horrified landlady, whom she feared to see in the hours of the early morning. To be sure, she had nothing for which to blame herself; but even she knew that the sight of a young, unsophisticated girl coming home in a cab and in a rather bedraggled state, with a man of the world, was likely to create some comment. However, there was not much time for reflection. There was her daily bread to be made at the big emporium on Sixth avenue, the proprietors of which were enabled to advertise bargain sales because they did not pay living wages to their employees. She dressed herself with all the deliberation allowed by the little clock that tick-tocked away the time with such calm and stolid deliberation. In a few moments she was dressed in the inexpensive clothes she was able to afford, and was ready for breakfast.

With tired feet and a languid air she went down to the dark, ill-smelling apartment designated as a dining-room in the establishment presided over by Mrs. Hannah Ball. The smell of bad coffee and the vegetable odors from the dinner of the night before filled the place and made the poor girl's head swim. Although it was only seven-fifteen o'clock, there was already a motley knot of people going through the formality of eating. In a corner near the window, and where the dim light that was not cut off by the sidewalk filtered into the room, sat a musty-looking middle-aged man with grayish

* This story began in the May number.

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hair and a big nose. From the position of his seat and the attention paid him by the slovenly waiting-maid, he was evidently the star boarder. Although he had occupied that same chair and eaten off the same soiled linen for the past twelve years, those in the house knew only that his name was Pilkington and that he went out early in the morning and came back late at night. He certainly was not handsome to look upon, but there was a quick manner and general incisiveness about him that, in addition to a square jaw that made him look like a very much undershot bulldog, gave one the impression that Mr. Pilkington, whoever he was, would not be a very pleasant gentleman to run up against in the dark or to try and take advantage of in any respect whatsoever.

At another table were two young men who roomed together and who were trying to live some kind of an existence on joint salaries that would not have paid for a good dinner for a broker and his mistress at an up-town restaurant. Opposite them sat a faded, gray-haired little woman who looked as if she had been buffeted at all times in all directions during her poor drab lifetime. Her pinched face and carefully dusted threadbare dress told at a glance the story of her life.

Next her sat a young fellow evidently just in from the country. His cheeks were rosy, his clothes straight from the "store," and his appetite ravenous. He had just finished everything that had been placed before him and was wondering whether it was the proper thing to ask for another "help." After looking at the boarding-house mistress, who sat in solitary and haughty grandeur at a side table, he came to the conclusion that it wasn't.

The woman could never have been anything but a landlady. It was written all over her face; it was monogrammed in her frayed silk dress; it was painted in her ill-kempt hair and lithographed in colors in her coarse red hands. She looked up as Marie Clarkson entered the room. The girl bowed pleasantly to her and was met by a frigid bow that made her feel sick at heart. She tried to drink the black liquid that was served as coffee; endeavored to nibble at the mucilaginous stuff that was called oatmeal, all the time feeling that the eyes of the landlady were upon her. Without scarcely having touched a thing, she arose to go, but before reaching the door found the bulky form of Mrs. Ball before her.

"Perhaps the food ain't good enough fer yer," said that worthy lady, in a voice between a grunt and a snarl.

"Oh, no," said Marie, "it isn't that, Mrs. Ball. The truth is I—I don't feel very well this morning," and she started to go again.

"No doubt," continued the landlady. "Perhaps I wouldn't feel very well if I stayed out late at night and came home in a cab with a strange man, and perhaps I wouldn't feel like eating food that's good enough for decent people!" and her tone was loud enough to reach the ears of everyone in the place, which was what she intended. Marie winced under the brutal words and passed out through the door with her face aflame and her lips tightly drawn in an expression of acute pain.

"Yer ain't got no answer to that, have yer?" said Mrs. Ball, with all the kindliness of her type. "I'll have you understand that I keep a respectable boarding-house, and ain't got no use for girls that come home in cabs with strange men, so you'll oblige me by leaving at the end of the week." The old man at the sun-lighted table looked around at the others in the room as if to see how Mrs. Ball's remarks had affected them. Most of them were so oblivious of everything but their own breakfast, however, that some color was lent to the remark he blurted under his breath, "Landladies are hell, and so are their swine."

Chapter IV.

It was ten o'clock. The glinting sun of a bright morning cast a hazy checkerboard effect upon the expensive rug in the room, as it peeped in through the drawn blinds. The atmosphere of the room was almost exotic in its stifling heaviness. There was the smell of yesterday's violets, cigarettes and permanent sachet powder in the air; but through and above it all was the incense always to be found in the chamber of the half-world.

Of order there was none. On the handsome oak dresser were two glasses still half-filled with a potable that helped to add to the infinitude of the aromas. On one chair lay some lace skirts carelessly, even negligently, as if they had been thrown there by a hand that was not too true as to aim. On another chair was a mass of filmy lace and two long silk stockings of bold and varied hues,

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A plumed hat was perched airily on one of the carved knobs at the head of the bed, while one glove, stained, wrinkled and inert, peered from under the dresser as if wondering as to the whereabouts of its mate. It was the very picturesqueness of confusion, the very abandonment of primness. It was all Spick-and-Span let loose. In the midst of the mass of snow-white linen and lace trappings of the bed peered an arm and the top of a frowzled head. The arm was bare to the shoulder, but that made no difference. It could not possibly have tempted even a satyr. It was too red and fat, and somehow it seemed to fit the room exactly. From beneath that hair, tossed and knotted and carelessly haphazard, there came a long, drawn-out wail. It was as strong, clear and well-defined as the howl of the coyote. There was nothing purring or insinuating about it; it was a plain snore.

The door opened softly on its well-oiled hinges. A petite maid in cap and apron tiptoed into the room, went to the window and gently drew aside the curtains and threw open the blinds, letting in a flood of God's own sunshine. Then she went over to the bed.

"Madame," she said in a well-modulated voice, "Madame, I say, it is after ten; shall I bring your coffee?" Not a sound—only that long, drawn-out snore.

"Madame, I say," repeated the maid, "shall I bring your coffee? It is after ten o'clock and you have an appointment."

The snore ceased. The rest of the hair, and then the head, and finally the shoulders made their appearance. The eyes opened.

"Damn you, Louise," said the voice, not clearly or too musically, "haven't I told you a dozen times——"

"But, Madame, you told me to call you at ten o'clock."

"Oh, hell," said the voice. (She hadn't even seen the sunshine yet; perhaps if she had, she wouldn't have cared. She just knew that she was still sleepy.) "Haven't you sense enough to know that when I get in at three o'clock in the morning and have to be carried upstairs I don't want to be waked up at all? Er—Louise, by the way, what day is this?"

"Friday, Madame," said the maid demurely.

"Oh, yes; yesterday was Thursday; of course, I remember now—there was Smalley and Fairbanks, and that little devil of a silly lamb, and then a lot of champagne before I got home to make me reckless."

She sat up in bed as if it were a painful effort and rubbed her eyes drowsily. "What are you standing there for, Louise? Get out, you cheese; bring me my coffee and ring for a messenger boy, too."

Then Helen Besley in all the frumpishness of her early morning hours, yawned lazily, put her generous feet over the edge of the bed and slipped them into a covering of something soft and pink and worsted. Over her gown, which was very elaborate and lacy and clinging, she threw a peignoir. Then she proceeded with the painfully serious task of taking off her cheeks the rouge she had placed there the day before and had forgotten to remove, taking the kinks out of her hair and giving herself a general physical rehabilitation. During these important operations there was a knock at the door.

"Get out," yelled Helen, pleasantly.

"It's me, Madame," came in a muffled voice from the maid. "It's Louise and the messenger boy."

"Well then, come in." Then she added "Damn it," as she struck a particularly refractory tangle in her hair.

Sitting down to a little inlaid escritoire she wrote the following note:

"DEAR CHARLIE:—Don't be angry at me. I was a little under the weather last night and didn't know what I was saying. Do come up this afternoon. I'm going driving at one, but I'll be back at three.

"All my kisses and love are to you as in the dear old days. HELEN."

She addressed it

MR. CHARLES FAIRBANKS,
Care of Osborn & Osborn,
31 Broad Street,
New York City.

She gave it to the boy. "Here, kid," said she, "take this and bring me an answer. If you are back in an hour and fifteen minutes I'll give you an extra quarter." And the boy was off in a flash. Helen continued her toilet, in the meantime sipping her coffee.

"See here, Louise, did I make much noise when I came in last night?"

"Yes, Madame, a terrible noise," said candid Louise. "Mr. Smalley had to carry you upstairs, and I helped to put you to bed. He looked at his watch and said: 'Damnation, I've lost my train.' Then he swore some more, and went home."

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"Now, Louise, get to work. I want you to make me as handsome as you can to-day. I've got two important engagements. Smalley is going to take me out driving at one o'clock. He's kicking over the traces, and I want to pull him back with a jerk. I shall dismiss the old fool at the door, and then, later in the afternoon, I expect Mr. Fairbanks." Louise started in on the arduous and almost thankless task of partial rejuvenation. All the arts of face massage and the other mysteries of the toilet were gone through with in a manner showing much experience and fidelity on the part of Louise. In the midst of the hair-crimping operation the messenger boy arrived on the scene again.

"De gent ses dere ain't no answer," said Mercury.

"What!" fairly screamed Helen. "You dirty little brat, are you sure you gave it to the right man?"

"Sure," said the boy. "Ses I, 'Is dis Mr. Fairbanks?'"

"'Dat's what it is,' says he. Den he read de letter and tore it up and flung it under de desk, and den says he, 'Dere ain't no answer.' I've done the trip in an hour and ten minutes, so I've come back fer me extra quarter, see?"

During this recital Helen had worked herself into a towering rage. She shied a shoe in the direction of the boy's head, and requested him firmly, but not too gently, to "Get out, and damn quick." Then to the maid, "Louise, pay the kid and don't give him a cent more than the rates."

Then she began pacing up and down the room. "It's that little cat," said she. "Fairbanks has never acted like this before. I'll kill that bird, though. Louise, here you, hurry; finish me up as fast as you can. Order a cab to be here in twenty minutes, and tell Smalley when he comes at one o'clock that I can't go driving, and I don't want to see him for the rest of the day. Now hustle."

In half an hour Helen jumped into the cab in front of the apartment house where she lived. "Take me first," she said, "to Tracey's side entrance, and have a cocktail yourself, too. After that I want to go shopping. Run into cable cars or any old thing. I'm mad, and I'll stand for any excitement!"

"That girl tried to steal my pocketbook!"

Chapter V.

When Marie reached her position behind the counter at Brown, Vandergriff & Company's, she looked even more pale and careworn than when she had peered into the glass. This fact was noticed at once by the tall, narrow-shouldered floorwalker, standing at the end of the counter. J. Montgomery Robinson was the dictator in this particular stretch of floor space. When he frowned at any girl in particular the poor little devil would shrivel up and wonder if her next envelope would contain a notice of dismissal. When J. Montgomery Robinson smirked—he had never mastered the art of really smiling ingenuously—all was serene.

J. Montgomery Robinson might have been a gentleman if he hadn't been an ass and a cad. Nature had made him both. He had been born of parents who, up to the time he was twenty, had led him to suppose that his life would be one of

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leisure. Then they fooled him by dying and leaving him nothing at all. He had contracted expensive habits on a thirty-cent income and an exceedingly small intellect. At thirty he found himself a floorwalker with eighteen dollars a week, a blond mustache and a frock coat.

The floorwalker went up to Marie, rubbing his hands cheerily. "Good morning," said he. "You look tired, Miss Clarkson. Out late last night, eh?" —and a knowing leer o'erspread his lobster-red face.

"Yes, I was a little late," confessed Marie, "but I think I can attend to my duties all right."

"See here," and he leaned over the counter so that his words might not be heard. "I dare say you have been out with some other chap and had a late supper and all that sort of thing. Don't you think it wasn't quite the right thing to refuse my offer? You know that what I say goes a long way with the firm." And he twirled his mustache with the air of a conqueror.

Marie blushed. This was not the first time J. Montgomery Robinson had talked in that way.

"I suppose, Mr. Robinson," she said, with a tremor in her voice, "I must listen to this talk from you as long as I am in this store."

"I s'pose you will," said Mr. Robinson, as he walked away nonchalantly. But there was an unpleasant glitter in his beady eyes.

Marie was left unmolested for the rest of the forenoon. Some hours later J. Montgomery was standing in front of the store, bowing and scraping to the women as they came in, the very personification of sycophancy. Helen Besley entered, very red and very warm after some hours of shopping and intermittent tippling. "Ah," said J. Montgomery, making his most sweeping bow. "Charmed to see you, Miss Besley; you haven't honored us with many visits lately; what can we do for you today?"

You see, the rules of this particular house made it necessary for everyone in its employ to be particularly courteous in treating with a certain class of trade that orders generously and pays, though the excessive bills were often sent to men who paid them in cash rather than have their names appear on checks in connection with these accounts. Helen would have passed on with a condescending bow if at that moment her eye had not caught sight of a face which struck her as being strangely and unpleasantly familiar.

"Who is that girl?" said she, with an assumption of carelessness she did not feel, pointing to Marie.

"Her name is Clarkson, Marie Clarkson."

"Has she been here long?"

"Not very," said the floorwalker, "and I don't think she'll be here much longer, either." There was a veiled threat in his voice that made Helen, used as she was to the small jealousies of the world, ask: "You don't seem to like Miss Clarkson very well?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't. By the way, do you know her?"

"I—think—I—do," said Helen, slowly, trying to give the impression that she was recalling something very painful. "It seems to me that she looks like a girl that worked in another store where I traded, and who was discharged for dishonesty."

This suited J. Montgomery, and he pricked up his ears.

"I shall go over and make a purchase, and see if I am sure."

Helen went over to the counter and began looking over some of the goods for sale, eyeing Marie very closely. She dropped her pocketbook carelessly on the counter and awaited developments. Marie did not see her at once, but her first glance was one of complete recognition. She gave a little gasp, and would have turned away if the floorwalker had not said: "Miss Clarkson, you will please wait on this lady." Then he, too, awaited developments.

At the end of another two or three minutes there was a startled cry of "Thief!" and Helen Besley pointed her finger at Marie and clutched her arm, apparently pulling from her hand the pocketbook which a moment before had been lying on the counter. Marie almost fainted as she heard the terrible accusation. The store detective was called and the situation explained to him by J. Montgomery Robinson, who did not fail to add vivid colors to the picture. Helen Besley was asked by the detective if she could substantiate the charge.

"Of course I can," said she. "That girl tried to steal my pocketbook. Mr. Robinson saw her, didn't you?" and she looked at him meaningly. J. Montgomery said yes, and that seemed to settle it. In two minutes more Marie was on her way to the West Thirtieth Street police station.

(*To be continued next month.*)

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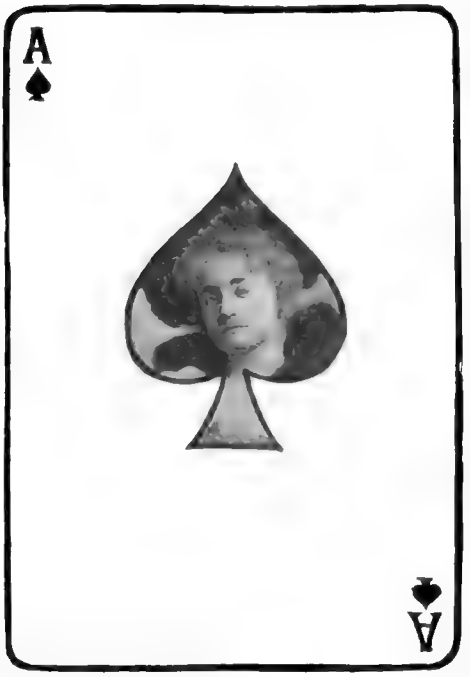
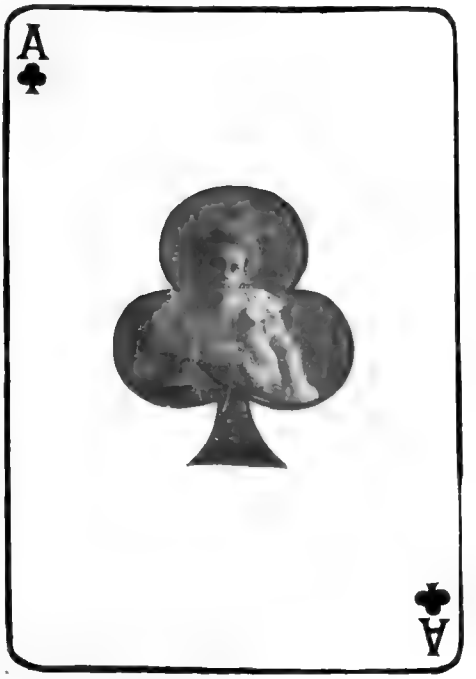


Photograph by Falk, New York.

GRACE GEORGE.



Photograph by Chickering, Boston.

KATHERINE HUTCHINSON.

Photograph by Hartman, Knoxville, Ia.

DELLA PRINGLE.

Photograph by Rockwood, New York.

MAUDE WHITE.

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From a flashlight photograph by Joseph Byron.

MRS. PENFOLD (AMELIA BINGHAM),

In "The Flower-Pot Inn," where she goes with her lover, *Hugh Ferrant* (Joseph Holland).

"THE CUCKOO" IS—THAT'S WHAT IT IS.

"THE CUCKOO" at Wallack's furnishes one of Broadway's gayest productions of the season. The story has been adapted from the French by Charles Brookfield. "The Cuckoo" tells the story of a silly young fool of a wife. *Guinevere Penfold* (Amelia Bingham), who is idiot enough to allow a friend of the family to fall head over heels in love with her and declare his passion. This friend, *Hugh Ferrant* (Joseph Holland), discovers that the husband in the case, *Thomas Penfola* (Thomas Wise), has made an appointment with an adventuress during a proposed trip of his wife to her aunt up the country. He induces *Mrs. Penfold* to make an assignation, and the second act finds them in the sitting-room at "The Flower-Pot," a tavern on the Thames. This scene is particularly daring and altogether an interesting one. In a soliloquy that is epigrammatic *Mrs. Penfold* discusses the compromising position in which she finds herself, and when *Ferrant* finally makes his appearance in a silk and tasselled dressing suit, the whole romance of the situation departs, and she declares that she will go home to her husband and make a full confession. A waiter at the hotel, who had called to secure a position from *Mrs. Penfold* in town, immediately makes up his mind that *Ferrant* is *Mr. Penfold*, and, as a consequence, *Ferrant's* rescue of a man from drowning is credited to the husband and telegraphed to all the papers. Thus it can be seen that there is a pretty list of complications at the opening of the third act.

At the concluding scene, which takes place in the *Penfold* house, we are told that *Penfold* has been arrested because he loitered around a station the night before, waiting for his inamorata, who had accepted his check for £200, but refused to accept his attentions. Finally

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the wife finds that her husband has been arrested, turns the tables on him, and she and her lover fall out of the scrape as best they may after a number of scenes that are really sparkling in their vivacity.

If "The Cuckoo" were not so bright, it would be altogether too bold for Broadway. It is decidedly on the French order of the risque, but it is relieved by exceptionally clever dialogue and novel scenes.

To Miss Bingham and Mr. Wise fall the most important rôles. Miss Bingham plays *Mrs. Penfold* with great dash, and in the inn scene she plays her very bold part with a grace that lightens the grossness of the suggestion. Mr. Wise is exceedingly funny as the husband who tries to fool his wife and is fooled himself. He has seldom done better work than he gives us in "The Cuckoo," and undoubtedly has succeeded in entrenching himself very solidly in the

From a photograph by Eddowes Bros., New York

AMELIA BINGHAM,
In one of her gorgeous costumes in "The Cuckoo."

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good graces of Broadway audiences. He should make a valuable permanent member of the Frohman forces.

Miss Gertrude Whittey plays a small rôle of *Leggett*, a maid, so differently from anything that has been seen on Broadway for some time, that she has actually scored a hit with a part offering little or no opportunity. Miss Whittey, it will be remembered, played a prim old troublemaker in "The Last Chapter" and played it well.

GERTRUDE WHITTEY,
Who plays *Leggett* in "The Cuckoo."

Miss Eleanor Moretti, who, by the way, is a sister of Katherine Florence, plays *Lady Alexandra Parke*, the adventuress. Miss Moretti, who is usually associated with tearful rôles, wears a magnificent gown in the first act, the only one in which she appears. The gown was made by Mrs. Bob Osborn, the society woman, who went into the dressmaking business. *Ferrant* is played by Joseph Holland. This comedian has become somewhat monotonous in his methods, but at the same time retains many of those charms of light comedy which he showed to such fine advantage in "Wilkinson's Widows" and other plays with which his name is associated. Mr. Holland is never gross in anything he attempts, and this fact alone should commend him to those who do not consider that vulgarity is a component part of comedy. "The Cuckoo" is so well acted that one scarcely glances at the scenery, which is adequate without being gaudy.

MISS MORETTI as the

Lady Alexandra Parke. a type of London blackmailer and woman of the town.

adventuress in "The Cuckoo."

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From photographs by Bassett, New York.

JANE ENGLISH, OF "IN GAY PAREE."

This is the brisk piece produced by George Lederer at the Casino, and Miss English is one of the brisk young women in the cast.

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REPRODUCTION OF THE PHOTOGRAPH OF A PILLOW FACED WITH A PICTURE OF EMMA EAMES.

THE PHOTOGRAPH PILLOW.

IT is the very latest thing in decorative photography, and Mr. B. J. Falk, the famous New York camera expert, is responsible for its introduction into this country.

The pillow itself can be of any style or texture. The silk facing, however, is especially prepared, and is made in Europe It is of a fine mesh, and sensitized so that negatives may be printed on its surface as shown herewith.

This is a reproduction of a Falk photograph of Emma Eames, enlarged several times.

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"GO TO THE DEVIL!" SAID UNCLE.

BY BARRY PAIN.

With an Illustration by F. BAILEY.

AT the age of forty-five he was not a pretty New Yorker. He was bald; his face was thin and meagre, though his waist measurement was extensive. His memory played him tricks, and his gait was a little curious. The doctor, who had just left, found him interesting as a conglomeration of diseases, but did not respect him. He was coming rapidly to the end of his luxurious though somewhat disorderly life. There was no disorder in it now. His cellar slept undisturbed, and they measured his whiskey twice a day in a graduated glass, and they never filled the tumbler more than half full because his hand shook badly. His two nieces kept his West Fifty-sixth Street house for him, and would inherit. They found him occasionally bad-tempered, and always a little eccentric, but put up with it because he was so sick. Whenever he called one by the name of the other, or forgot both names, as sometimes happened nowadays, they slipped out of the room, giggled in their handkerchiefs in the passage, and came back with their faces composed.

This afternoon, after the doctor had gone, he sat contentedly smiling at the fire. He had been told that in all probability he would not last much longer, and on the whole he was heartily glad of it. Suicide would be scandalous—he did not dream of it—but death was welcome enough. After all, there was no more fun to be had. He decided to set about his preparations for leaving.

He found Ethel in the parlor. She was the elder of the two homely nieces.

"I want you to get my keys for me, Agnes," he said. "Bring them to me."

She vanished to get the keys and to laugh because she had been called Agnes by mistake. When she got back to the study he had dragged out an old deed-box which stood in one corner of the room, and placed it beside his chair in front of the fire. "Unlock it," he said.

"Which key?" she asked.

"Don't know."

She tried several, unlocked it, and was about to raise the lid.

"Leave it alone!" he snapped out. "You can go. Don't interrupt me for a couple of hours; I shall be busy."

When she had gone he opened the box and began on the letters first. The box belonged to his Romeo period, which had been excessive and variegated. The old wreck had been handsome once. Some of the letters he read. How all these women had adored him—for a time, or half a time! They were, unquestionably, letters which he did not intend to leave behind him for the perusal of the girls. Soon the big fireplace was a mass of charred paper. He observed, making the experiment for the first time in his life, that a woman's satin shoe does not burn well. Hair, on the other hand, burns excellently. The black hair he remembered distinctly; that was Dora's. Emily's had been dark, but not so dark as that. Yes, he had loved Dora with a great part of his heart for nearly six weeks. The red hair, frankly red, was Kitty's. What wonderful skins, he thought to himself, these red-haired women had! He looked anxiously in the box to see if there were any more letters of Kitty's left by chance. They were letters which more than the rest needed the ordeal of fire. What a fool her husband was; and what a pity it was that she drank! Bah! the whole thing disgusted him. Every souvenir was full of poison, and the remainder of the contents of the deed-box were pitched on the fire in handfuls without further examination. When all the rest was burned, an envelope, which had fluttered away on the floor by itself, attracted his attention. He picked it up. In it was a curl of absolutely golden hair. Now, whose, he thought to himself, could that have been?

At this moment Ethel opened the door and said brightly, "I've brought you your beef-tea, uncle?"

"Go to the devil!" said uncle.

When she had vanished he resumed his examination of that fascinating golden curl. It was not Marian's. She had light hair, but hers was straighter and not such a deep gold.

He spent a good deal of time in the course of the next few weeks in meditating over that curl of golden hair, and he imagined things about it. Ten minutes later he would forget whether he had imagined them or whether they had really happened. He was getting into a shocking condition. He somewhat accelerated his death by neglecting the prohibitions of his doctor. He knew that in any case it was a matter of weeks,

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"'What is this he wrote on the paper?'"

so he had the champagne, and the old port, and the very, very old brandy, and broke the graduated glass, and refused pills and farinaceous puddings. He had just helped himself liberally to Strasburg *pâté*, when Death took the plate away.

Ethel and Agnes (who did not keep on crying when they were quite alone) were looking over the papers they had found in his pockets, and came across the curl of golden hair in a large sheet of paper in an envelope.

"I know that envelope," said Agnes, "that is the sort grandma always uses."

"O, yes," said Ethel, "and there is the hair. Don't you remember? She sent it to him for fun about a month ago. Just imagine that when he was a little boy of three he had curls like that!"

"Hullo?" said Agnes, "what is this he wrote on the paper?"

In an exceedingly shaky hand were the words:

"*Whom alone I really loved.*"

"O, he was too eccentric!" said Ethel. And both of them giggled.

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A FAIR EXCHANGE.

"What, five new dresses all at once! You extravagant thing! What will your husband say?"

"Nothing. I found five love letters in his pocket the other day from some one I don't know, and I'll return them when he pays my dressmaker's bill."

AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW WITH CHUCK CONNERS.

HE DISCUSSES HIMSELF AND THE BOWERY.

"'Aw, fergit it!'"

"AW, de Bowery ain't wot it uster be. Say, dat's right, and dat goes, see? On de dead, on de level, dat's straight.

"Wot? Why ain't it wot it uster be? Well, ain't I a-tellin' yer? Why, it ain't, see, an' dat's all. It ain't 'cause it ain't, an' wot's de use er chinnin' erbout it all day? No use? 'Course nit.

"D'yer folly me argument? Dat's right, den. Fergit it.

"Tell yer' 'bout me goil? Sure. She's a good goil, an' everybody knows it, an' dey ain't no one wot's got der nerve to say diff. Does she spiel? Well, say, does she? Do youse eat?

"Wot? Let yer take me photygraft? Sure. Dat's all right, young feller. No obligations about

"'Here's a attitood.'"

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it ertall. Oh, yer want to take her photygraft, too? Well, I ain't got nuttin' ter say erbout dat, young feller. Youse'll have ter ast der goil herself. 'F she ain't got no objections, I ain't. I'll call her . . . Say, here's a young feller f'm der BROADWAY MAGAZINE, wants ter take yer pitcher for his pape, and I told him I wouldn't give him no consent widout you givin' him one. He kin take it? All right. Dat goes. Youse kin take her pitcher, young feller.

"Oh, both of us tergedder? Spielin' tergedder? Sure. It's a good idea, young feller, and oughter make your pape a success, dat ought. Sure. You're all right, young feller; you got ideas, you have, and your pape oughter be a easy go. See?

"Wot, I'm a public charricter, am I? Aw! fergit it, fergit it. Sure I'm a public charricter, an' de public's always a-clamorin' for me pitchers. Why, I bin on de stoige, and down Sout', an' all de time de push in Pell Street was a-givin' stories erbout me to de papes—ah-h, all sorts of kiddin'.

"But youse wants to pipe us off spielin'. Well, here's a attitood. How's dis? Good? O. K. Outer sight, eh? (Say, Moll, he t'inks we're outer sight!) Dis is jist how we stand at de beginnin'. Tough? Aw, fergit it. Dat ain't tough. I guess I know how to behave liker gent when I feels like it, and she a lady, too. Wot? Apologize? Aw, fergit it, fergit it. No offence took, young feller.

"Well, watch us on de swivel. 'Round we go like dis, and den 'round agin like dat, an' den we sorter snoop straight ahead as if we was goin' straight out troo der door, but we ain't 'cos we jist do anudder reverse. See?

"An' dat's de spiel. Aw, but it ain't wot it uster be on de old days on de Bowery!"

"'We sorter snoop.'"

CÉRISE BASTIEN, A NEW BEAUTY OF THE PARISIAN STAGE

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris, and published here for the first time in America.

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PERCIVAL PASH TO EDNA WALLACE HOPPER.

HERE'S a figure I see in my dreams day and night,
From which I can never escape;
It's a vision of some one in tights *very* tight,
Revealing a riot of shape.
You've scanned it, I know, and rejoice at the sight,
For I've seen you myself all agape.

The figure is tiny—they call it *petite*:
That's French for "quite small, but oh, my!"
It skips 'round the stage on two cute little feet
That twinkle like stars in the sky.
And the limbs that shoot up from those tootsies complete
The peachiest piece of peach pie!

The waist is just right — not too tight nor too loose,
The bust would inspire e'en a stuff;
I fain would describe it — but there, what's the use?
You'd see I was throwing a bluff.
The words I'd employ might be chock full of juice,
But they wouldn't be juicy enough.

The neck's round and fleshy, and marvelous soft,
And many pearl necklaces wins.
The ears and the nose—be your hat to them doffed
Or see them no more for your sins.
The chin, it resembles an angel's aloft,
(All angels are stuck on their chins.)

And then there's the eyes and the teeth, (oh, that face!)
And the voicelet, the sweetest e'er heard;
The smiles that refulge with ineffable grace!
(Refulge is a pretty good word.)
In fact, this is how I'd express the whole case:
E. W. H., you're a bird!

But oh, the effect on yours truly when-e'er
The vision falls onto my brain!
I stand upon tip-toe and rumple my hair
And gargle again and again.
My eyeballs bulge out, with a passionate glare
And almost drop off with the strain.

I gaze at the tights and my hair rises higher
And wildly I mutter: "Land, Suz!"
Each nerve in my limbs feels as tho' 'twere on fire—
My head it goes buzzy-buzz buzz!
If any remark that it don't, he's a liar,
Because that is just what it does.

I writhe and I squirm while the vision is on,
My teeth I incessantly crash;
My friends a straight-waistcoat remark I should don
Lest my brains become like succotash.
* * * * *
So, Edna, that's just the effect you have on
Yours, foamingly,

PERCIVAL PASH.

PASSED THROUGH OUR "PERSONALS" WINDOW.

RATES: HALF AS MUCH AS IT'S WORTH, WHICH IS TWICE AS MUCH AS YOU'LL PAY.

FRANK M.—I refuse to answer. It is a personal matter. RICHARD C.

IF THE LADY with the pearly eyes and the violet teeth will make a date with the gentleman who looked at her in the car yesterday with his prehensile ears and his disappointed knuckles, she will hear of something to her advantage. Address R. THAIR, box 212.

ABSOLOM GETMORE.—Information as to the whereabouts of Absolom Getmore or his heirs will be thankfully received by Gerald Cussbox, of whom A. G. once borrowed ten dollars. UMPH, Broadway.

CHARLIE.—Will meet you at the same old place. Object, matrimony. MOLLIE.

BREEZIE.—Just like a lot of sardines we was, and that's a fact, but what the hotel bill? If the other fellow didn't mind, why should you? And I'm sure I would never have hesitated. But no matter-r-r. A time will come! Aha!

BARRINGTON-O.

HEARD AT A NEW YORK THEATRE.

In the production of "A Reign of Error," in which the Rogers Brothers appear at Hammerstein's Victoria, there occurs a burlesque of the O'Neill and Sothern productions of "The Three Guardsmen." There is a scene in which King Louis and Richelieu start out for Paris. "Are you not going to take your wife," simpers Anne of Austria (played with broad unction by Maude Raymond). "My dear girl," says Louis, "taking one's wife to Paris is like taking a ham sandwich to Delmonico's." And the audience sees the point, too.

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A TOPSY TURVY TRIO

BY

C. B. BRADFORD

ONE of the most popular early attractions at Hooley's Theatre in Chicago was Evans & Hoey's "A Parlor Match." Evans and Hoey played there regularly twice a year, two weeks in the fall and two in the spring, to large audiences. The initial engagement was so successful that, at its close, Mr. Hooley contracted with Evans & Hoey to appear twice a season for five years.

Evans and Hoey began their most important engagement in Chicago the same week that Frank Daniels was first featured in "A Rag Baby" by Hoyt & Thomas at an opposition theatre, the Grand Opera House. An amusing story about the meeting of the three comedians on the very day of their opening is related by W. D. Mann, manager of Evans' Herald Square Theatre. They realized, it appears, that they were rivals in business, playing as they were in rival pieces by the same playwright and at opposition houses, so each of the jolly trio—Evans, Hoey and Daniels—when they met on the street did their best to express true friendship and extreme good nature toward each other. They took luncheon together one day, and, not satisfied with this, visited in company all the noted resorts in the city, puffing the largest cigars they could buy and drinking all the brands of wine, dry and sweet, they could order. The dinner hour found them playing billiards for $25 a cue in the Tremont House, and each of them was feeling so good from the effects of the day's refreshments that they could but with difficulty distinguish the ivory balls from the chandelier globes, and it was apparent that neither cared very much whether they played with their cues or their walking-sticks. Still they kept on, each doing his utmost to express the sincerest good feeling for the other. It grew dangerously near seven o'clock, the dressing-room hour, but they showed no sign of separating. The crowd of on-lookers hinted to them that it was full time that they went to work; each only brushed away the informant and returned to the play. Mr. Evans smiled at Mr. Daniels; Mr. Daniels smiled at Mr. Evans, and they both showered smiles on "Old Hoss," who kept up a continued mumbling about there being no such thing on earth as rivals. At 7:30 o'clock both Hooley's Theatre and the Grand Opera House stage managers began to worry; their stars had not begun to show signs of twinkling, and messengers were dispatched to every place likely to be visited by the three actors. Mr. Hoyt was informed, and he, too, started out in search of his comedian, without whom "A Rag Baby" could not be anything but tame on the opening night. And all this time "I. McCorker," "Old Hoss" and "Old Sport" were McCorkering, Hossing and Sporting to their hearts' content over the topsy-turvy billiard table.

At 7:45 the three good-natured gentlemen stumbled out to the street, and then began the usual long-strung-out good-by and hand-shaking promise-to-meet-you-again ceremony indulged in by men who have been on excellent terms all day. To any one directly interested in their opening success that night the amount of time they took to bid one another good day and separate would have seemed long enough for them to have bid farewell forever. Daniels would shake Evans by the hand and drag out a long speech about friendship; then he'd fairly hug "Old Hoss" and spin a good-by yarn to him, and then he'd switch back to Evans and they'd have it all over again.

There are only two characters in the world who really know how to perform a good, old, prolonged *au revoir:* the good-natured man in high spirits and the old lady street-car passenger.

Well, they did separate—Daniels meandered down Dearborn Street, and Evans and Hoey hurried through Randolph Street. "The Parlor Match" comedians began to realize as soon as they left Daniels that it must be rather near 8 o'clock, and they exchanged a half-knowing look and each started on a trot theatre-ward. Daniels wandered into a basement café, where, perched high upon a counter stool, the now infuriated Mr. Hoyt discovered him at ten minutes to eight, slowly im-

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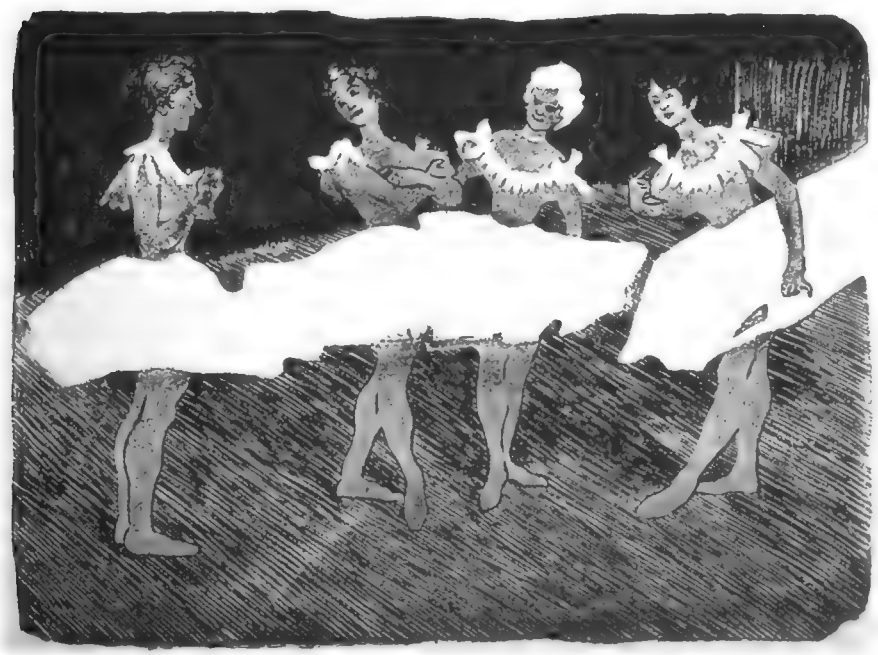
The man with the pencil.

bibing a cup of hot tea and pouring great quantities of red pepper on a plate of little clams. Hoyt denounced him in all sorts of expressions, and waving his arms in anger and anxiety, yelled that he was ruined, utterly ruined. He called "Old Sport" half a hundred ungentle epithets and denounced his condition as scandalous.

"Who? I?" said the little comedian, half indignant at a rather strong point in the denouncement, "I—well, you ought to see Evans and Hoey!" and he was then fairly dragged from the high stool and, teacup in hand, carried to his dressing-room. He was late, but his make-up and performance were remarkable, and he made the hit of his life. Hoyt, now in excellent spirit over the success of his star, hurried over to Hooley's, fully anticipating a directly opposite state of affairs; but he was mistaken, for he found both Evans and Hoey on the stage in all the glory of their best scene, and as unperturbed and merry as if they had been in their dressing-rooms an hour ahead of make-up time. They, too, on this occasion started the foundation of their great future, and have never been ashamed to acknowledge this fact to anyone at any time. They were an instantaneous hit with the big audience, and immediately won the five years' contract from Mr. Hooley, who sat in a box and enjoyed the performance perhaps as well as any individual in the crowded house.



OUR PUZZLE PICTURE.

If each ballerina says she is only seventeen and yet their combined ages make one hundred and fifty-seven, what t'ell?

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FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

EDNA MAY AND THE CAVENDISH CHAP.

London, May 1, 1899.

It's all rot. There isn't one chance in a million of Edna May's ever becoming Mrs. Cavendish. There isn't another chance in ten million of her ever becoming the Duchess of Devonshire. In the first place, the Cavendish that has been paying such rapturous attention to Edna May is not the man who would ever become the Duke, for the simple reason that he's the younger brother of the real thing. Ever since George Lederer sent the "The Belle of New York" Company to London, all of our Bohemian set over here has been discussing Edna May's affairs. She wasn't here two months before she bloomed out as the giddiest of the gorgeous, with a fine turnout at her disposal, and a disposition to play when she liked and to stay home when it suited her best. When Fred Titus came over here he received such a cold reception that his ears were frostbitten, and he found it convenient to go home on the next steamer. It is generally believed over here that little May has simply lost her head, as many another silly fool has done. Those who know her best are convinced that it was through George Lederer's splendid coaching alone that she was ever able to make any kind of a hit, and that if she were severed from the rôle of the Salvation lass the illusion would be dispelled I doubt very much whether Sylvia Thorn or any other member of her family will succeed in getting any material for a divorce suit. Sylvia has been raising merry blazes, and that's about all. Young Cavendish and Edna May are seen everywhere in public, but they are very circumspect. In fact there seems to be good ground for the assertion that, as Miss May lives with her mother, there is nothing wrong in the whole affair, and the gossips are simply talking through their hats. Make up your mind to one thing. Cavendish will never marry Edna May, and I am very glad of it, for he is a callow sort of a gadabout with no brains and not any more money than he will be able to get away with before he's thirty. As for his being a prospective Duke of Devonshire, he stands about as much chance in that direction as Marshall Wilder does of becoming leading-man at Frohman's Lyceum.

MRS. POTTER AS A TROUBLEMAKER.

There are ructions between Beerbohm Tree and his wife, and it's all about the picturesque Mrs. James Brown Potter. It is said that the American actress has completely pulled the wool over the eyes of the actor-manager, and has made it so unpleasant for Mrs. Tree that she has left the Haymarket Theatre in great anger, and threatens all sorts of vengeance. Tree's infatuation for Mrs. Potter is discussed in all the clubs and restaurants here, and he is roundly basted for his attitude towards his wife. Mrs. Tree has not a scintilla of dramatic ab lity, but to her shrewd management more than to any other cause is due Tree's quick advancement as a manager, and his acceptance at the hands of London society. I predict a little trouble for Mr. Tree.

IRVING WAS JEALOUS OF ANOTHER COOPER.

Bert Cooper, the artist, isn't the man in the Irving-Terry case at all. It is another member of the same family for whom Miss Terry has shown a marked preference, and which almost occasioned a rupture when Terry was last in America with Irving. The actor was playing in the same company with them at the time. There is no doubt that the quarrel between Irving and Terry is a lasting one, and only the fact that the actress knew it was her only salvation to appear in "Robespierre" would she have consented to have gone into the production. In the meantime, the public is figuring on a complete reconciliation between Mr. and Mrs. Irving, the latter of whom has always allowed herself to sit in the shadow of her genius-husband's personality, and has always consented to look upon the friendship between her husband and his leading lady as one purely platonic. "Robespierre" is such a magnificent success that both Irving and Terry can probably very well afford to play together, even if they re use to recognize each other after they leave the stage door.

JAMES GARDINER CLARKE.

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ONE Richard Harding Davis, who writes like a gentleman and acts like an ass, was so afraid no one would take notice of his engagement to a beautiful Chicago girl, that he sent the wedding ring by a London messenger boy who forthwith told the reporters where he was going, and for whom and to whom; all of which is very spectacular and leads us to the confession that we are tickled to death, for there is no truth in the rumor of the reported engagement between Davis and our own little American actress, Maude Adams. We firmly believe that Miss Adams is too nice for any man, but Davis is simply impossible.

* * *

It will pay you to read our Edition de Luxe announcement in our advertising pages. The phrase, of course, means something very fine, something good enough for the best, and that just describes this special bound volume of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

* * *

If William J. Bryan really wanted to save money on the price of a dinner, we can show him any number of places in New York where he can get a very fair table-d'hôte dinner, with a pint of carmine ink, for thirty cents. This price, by the way, really seems to fit some people.

ISSUED ON THE 25TH DAY OF EACH MONTH PRECEDING DATE OF PUBLICATION.

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Vol. III. JUNE, 1899. No. 3.

Duncan B. Harrison, so the cable tells us, captured a bandit near Santiago after a terrific hand-to-hand combat. Mr. Harrison has had so many thrilling escapades, running the gamut from railroad wrecks to victorious encounters on Broadway, that we were inclined to greet the cabled intelligence with derision, until we happened to remember that it was Duncan Harrison who made an actor of John L. Sullivan. He is also the man who succeeded in keeping Sullivan sober for one consecutive week. Any man who can accomplish these two feats could lick the whole Cuban banditti while shaving with one hand and playing golf with the other.

Has it ever occurred to you that a nice, safe and handy way to get the BROADWAY MAGAZINE is by subscribing for it a year in advance? Mind you, we're not trying to cheat the newsdealer out of custom by getting your money direct. We'd just as soon receive your subscription through any newsdealer in the country, to whom we should be glad to pay a commission. We're not vainer than the average man, but we have a well defined belief that twelve issues of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE make pretty good value for a dollar bill.

* * *

The Vanderbilt-Fair wedding in New York was a great social event. It was a joining of Pacific and Atlantic coast interests. It is understood, however, that this will not affect the railway fares between New York and San Francisco.

* * *

The spring is with us with a vengeance. The edict against poets has been rescinded in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE office for thirty days. After that our automatic bouncer will resume operations with its old-time vigor.

Twenty-five Thousand Copies!

Of a first number of a 25-cent publication is a spanking good start. That many copies of the BROADWAY QUARTERLY No. I. have already been printed in three editions. The third edition may now be secured from your newsdealer. If you did not get the BROADWAY MAGAZINE regularly during 1898 you can't afford to be without it. It's worth 25 cents—every cent of it. The cover might be technically described as a "corker."

WHY DID THE BROADWAY MAGAZINE INCREASE 10,000 COPIES A MONTH DURING MARCH, APRIL AND MAY?

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WHO THEY ARE AND WHOSE THEY ARE.

Smith the elder. His first wife was Henrietta Berger, one of the old Berger family. He afterwards married a daughter of W. T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Edward Brown is a brother of Sedley Brown.

Anna Crouch is Mrs. Charles E. Brandon.

Elvia Crox married Thos. Q. Seabrooke, subsequently securing a divorce

IsabellaCubas was Mrs. Belasco.

Dolly Currier is Mrs. Harry Woodward.

Josephine Cushman is Mrs. Wm. Tetley.

Laura Daintry is the divorced wife of Albert H. Daintry.

Julia Daly is Mrs. Warren Edgerton.

Lizzie Daly is divorced from Billy Buckley. Her maiden name was Delahanty.

Lizzie Derious Daly is Mrs. S. L. Tuck.

Marguerite Daly is Mrs. Harry R. Vokes.

Lou Dalton is Mrs. Wishman.

Lucy Daly is Mrs. John Ward.

Betty Damhoffer is Mrs. Emil Thomas.

Fanny A. Daniels is now the wife of the Rev. Mr. Chase.

Adèle Daniels is the widow of Phil H. Lehnen.

Ada Dare was Mrs. Charles Reiux. Is now Mrs. Ehret.

Leonora Dare was Bridget McCarthy.

Augusta Dargon is Mrs. Dr. Pierce.

Bessie Darling, *née* Crump, married Chas. Darling, and afterwards Chas. Berry.

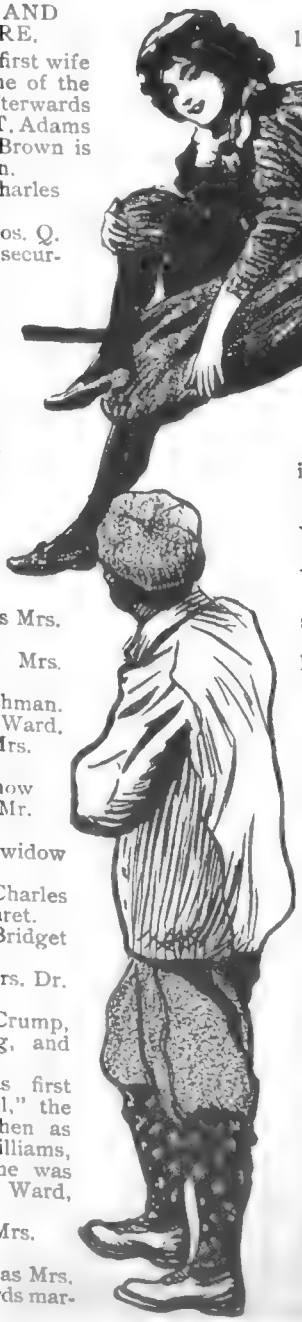
Helen Dauvray was first known as "Little Nell," the California Diamond, then as Helen Gibson, Helen Williams, and Mrs. Tracey. She was divorced from John M. Ward, of baseball fame.

Eva Davenport is Mrs. Neil O'Brien.

May E. Davenport was Mrs. T. Deven, and afterwards married Dave Allen.

The Davenport Sisters are daughters of E. L. Davenport and Fanny Vining:

Fannie Davenport married Edwin D. Price and Melbourne McDowell.



He—It's a good thing you haven't any money.
She—Why?
He—Because it would be so easy for some one to pull your leg.

May Davenport (christened Caroline) married Wm. Seymour.

Louise Davenport is the widow of W. E. Sheridan.

Margaret Jean Davenport married Gen. F. W. Lander.

Jessie Bartlett Davis is Mrs. Chas. J. Davis.

Myra Davis is Mrs. J. J. Dowling.

Helen Dayton is Mrs. W. H. Courtney.

Amelia Dean is Mrs. B. C. Hart.

Elsie Dean is Lillie Swinney.

Julia Dean is Mrs. W. G. Jones.

Laura Dean is Mrs. Wm. Fredericks.

Madge Dean, *née* Maggie O'Brien, is now Mrs. Lionel Blande (Birch).

Ada Deaves is Mrs. T. W. Crossman.

Rillie Deaves (deceased) was Mrs. Wm. G. Hunter.

Mrs. Ben de Bar was Henrietta Vallee.

Mlle. Marie Decca, *née* Mary Johnston, is Mrs. F. L. Crisman.

Grace Decker is the widow of the late Hugh Fay.

Eleanor Deering was Mrs. Vanderen.

(*To be continued.*)

UNREASONABLE WRATH.

BY WILL S. GIDLEY.

"I'VE made up my mind to one of two things," exclaimed Bungler, as he sat down on the foot of his chum's bed and carefully felt of an extra protuberance over his northwest optic, "and that is, I must either have made a bad break somewhere or it doesn't pay to be polite to a woman like Mrs. Flapjack."

"Why, what's the trouble between you and the landlady now?" inquired Bungler's room-mate, anxiously.

"Well, you see, she sewed a suspender button on my trousers for me this morning, and when she got through all I said was, 'Thanks; I'll do as much for you some time,' and I'm blamed if she didn't haul off and knock me clear across the room—kerzip!—and maybe I'm a bit slow, but I've been wondering ever since what the dickens it was she got so mad about."

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Dot Little Cherman Band.

AS HEARD BY A BROADWAY POLICEMAN.

SAM BERNARD.

JOE WEBER.

LEW FIELDS.

SCENE—*Broadway.* WEBER *and* FIELDS *are taking the fresh air, when they meet* SAM BERNARD, *their old partner, who left them to star in "The Marquis of Michigan." They all shake hands.*

BERNARD—Vell?

WEBER—Vell?

FIELDS—Vell?

(*Slight pause.*)

WEBER—How it vas comin' on mit yourselluf?

FIELDS—Yes, in which directionen they vas runnin' from yer?

BERNARD—(*dubiously*)—Oh—er—so!

WEBER—Vot means dot—dot "so"?

BERNARD—Oh—er—pooty vell. But (*with a sigh*) never minds me. Tell me all about der old gang—vot you vas—nit?

WEBER—Oh, der bizzyness is simpelly out of sights. Dey vas turnin' us avay each night. Der full is haus und nuttin' but room is yet standin'!

BERNARD (*impatiently*)—Oh!

FIELDS—Und all der New Yoikers buy der seats a whole advance in month. Ve never have no time ter eat food; ve just eat money, und ven it's a cold day like it vas in der blizzard, ve burn it—ter keep varm!

BERNARD (*excited*)—Vot, you has money to burn?

WEBER and FIELDS (*together, striking pose*)—Sure! It vas cheaper as coal!

BERNARD (*tearing his hair*)—Vell, I'm a lobster all right!

WEBER (*patting his back*)—Oh, don't say dose t'ings vot is so terrible as dot!

FIELDS—No, don't tell everybody you vas a lobster, or else dey'll know it!

BERNARD—Yes, yes. I a lobster vas. (*Weeps.*)

WEBER—Vell, ain't yer sorry yer left us, or ain't yer?

FIELDS—Yes, ain't yer glad if yer vasn't out mit us und not out—in—vat?

BERNARD (*with dignity*)—Vot is dose? Explanation yourselluf!

FIELDS—I say, vasn't yer sorry yer ain't glad not to be yet mit us, so as not to leave ven you're yet mit—vot?

BERNARD (*slightly irritated*)—Say it once more again yet. Vy you don't speag English like a proper one—eh?

FIELDS—Vat, you don't understanding me? Vell, you vas a lobster all right.

WEBER—Now, now, don't quarrel from each other. Dat would a rotten thing to be pugilising all day.

BERNARD—Vell, he called me a lobster.

FIELDS—Vell, ain't yer?

BERNARD—Vell, vat a nerve!

FIELDS—Vell, you said it so yourselluf.

BERNARD—Vell?

FIELDS—Vell?

WEBER—Vell?

(*Another slight pause.*)

BERNARD—Vell, goot py!

WEBER—Goot—

FIELDS—Pie.

(*They part.*)

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THE MAN WHO DESIGNS THE COSTUMES.

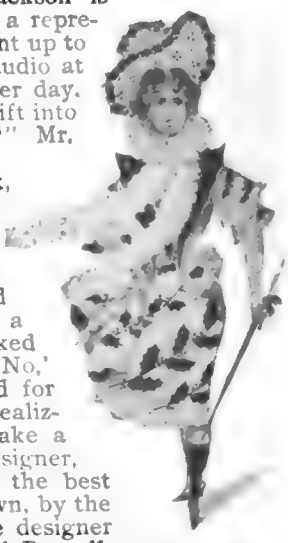
AN INTERVIEW WITH MARTIN J. JACKSON, ILLUSTRATED WITH DESIGNS REPRODUCED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

HOW many people, looking at a scenic production in a theatre, ever stop to wonder who it was that designed the costumes? An artist by the name of Martin J. Jackson is responsible for a good many of them, so a representative of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE went up to see Mr. Jackson, at his pretty little studio at 374 Manhattan Avenue, the other day.

"How did you happen to drift into being a costume designer?" Mr. Jackson was asked.

"Well," replied the artist, "I first studied decorative drawing at Cooper Union, then I went to the Academy of Design and studied in the life class. Thence to Edgar Ward's studio to paint from life, and then abroad for my health. I met a theatrical manager in London, who asked me if I could design costumes. I said 'No,' but he told me there was a large field for such work, and I concluded to try it. Realizing that a practical knowledge of how to make a costume was essential to being a first-class designer, I sought an opening with Alias, considered the best costumer over there. It is not generally known, by the way, that Phil May was originally a costume designer with Mons. Alias, so were Wilhelm and Howell Russell, and many others. Well, I went right into the work-room and studied draping, coloring, and all the details of how costumes were made, from the linings to the final touches. Then, after getting this practical knowledge, I went to Comelli's studio. I read and studied extensively, grasping every possible detail that I could come across, and there you are."

The five o'clock tea girl.


The Christmas Day girl.

"For whom do you do your principal designing, Mr. Jackson?"

"Oh, for soubrettes and chorus-girls, and clear up the rounds of the ladder. It has appeared to me that most of our managers prefer gaudy effects. To my idea these are all right for Oriental scenes, but something besides mere garishness is needed for the better class of productions."

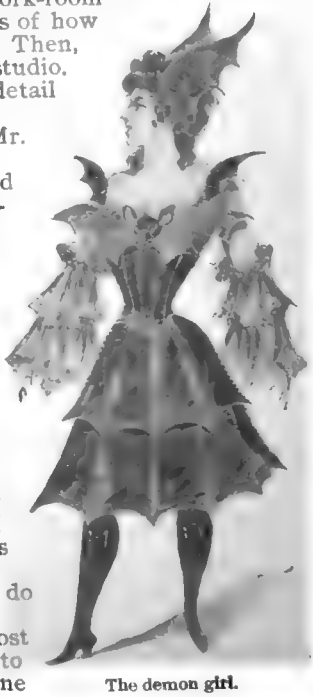
"Where do you get your ideas, Mr. Jackson?"

"Chiefly by observation. While walking along the streets and looking into the store windows I get many a suggestion. I have occasionally asked other people for ideas, when I felt exhausted, but I don't get much that way, such ideas being usually impracticable."

"What sort of designs do you like to do best?"

"Fantastic ones, mainly. They are most difficult to do, however, because they have to be original, whereas in historical costumes one

The fireworks girl.


The demon girl.

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must adhere to a certain extent to something already designed in the past."

"Do you select the materials yourself?"

"Oh, yes! I think every designer should do that. He knows what is best, whereas often costumers do not always grasp the right ideas from the sketches."

The reporter came away with several of Mr. Jackson's original fantastic sketches—those that the artist thinks most difficult to do, and they are herewith reproduced. The originals are in color, but the reproduction in black and white give an excellent idea of the graceful outlines of the Jackson designs.

The sea-weed girl.

The water-lily girl.

The queen of the summer girl.

It will be seen that not only does Mr. Jackson obtain novel costume effects, but he shows a singular facility in drawing the female form divine. Would that all our chorus girls were as dainty and cuddlesome as Mr. Jackson's maidens!

Puzzle: Find the new soubrette in town.

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IS
GRACE
FREEMAN
WHO
IS
LOOKING
INTO
THE
GLASS.

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GRACE FREEMAN FROM ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW.

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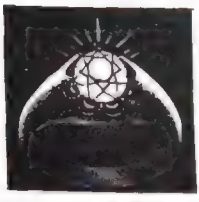

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The Girl with the Mirror.

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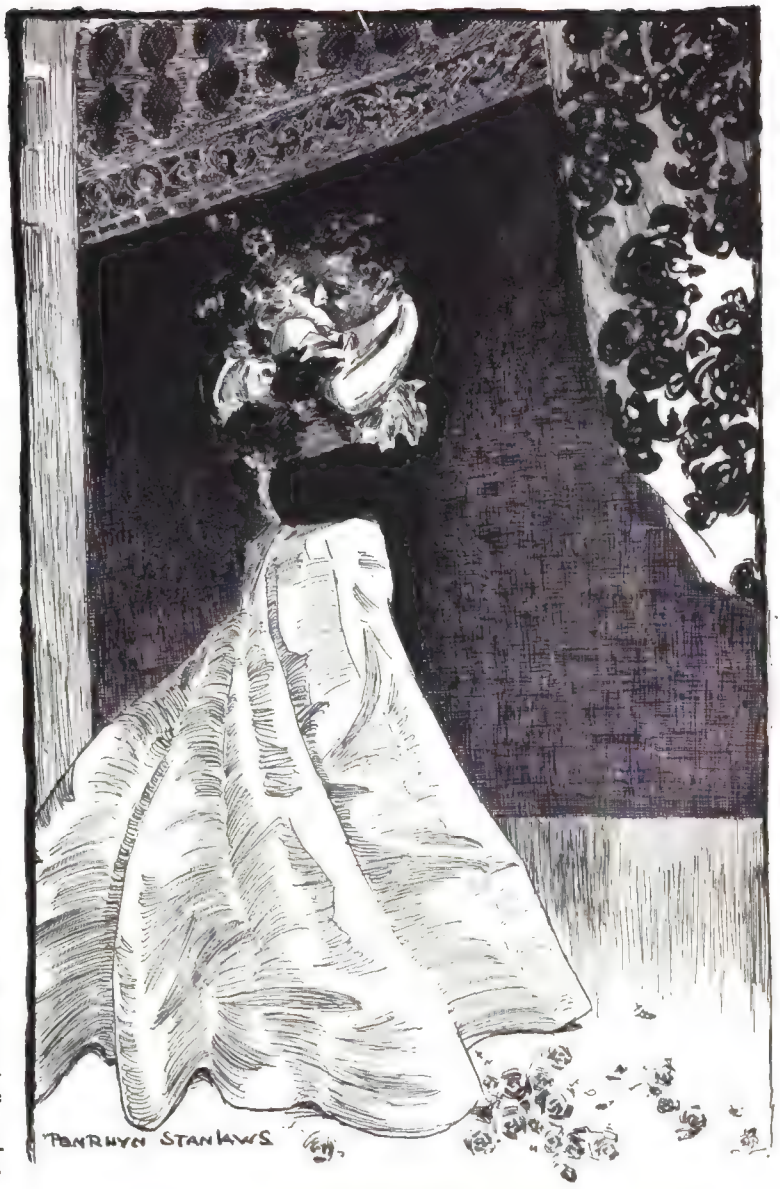
The third edition is now ready and another one will not be printed, as the supply is about exhausted. Don't forget that the BROADWAY QUARTERLY is three times as large as one issue of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE, and, in fact, is three numbers in one. That means pretty good value for the money.



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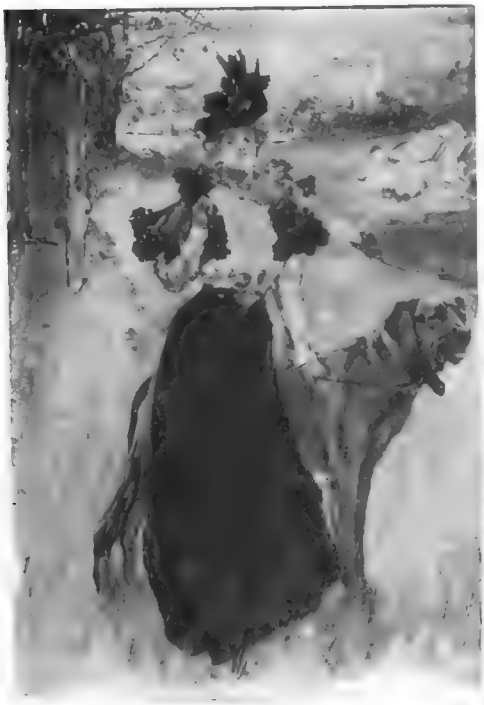
A. B. Wenzell and the Illustrated American Magazine.



Reduced fac-simile of Wenzell's cover page for April.

MR. WENZELL, whose standing in the art world is second to that of no other in America, and whose wash-drawings have won for themselves a conspicuous place in contemporaneous illustrating, has finished a series of front-page drawings for THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN MAGAZINE. These drawings are reproduced in the finest style of the engraver's art, and the artist's proof is something out of the ordinary and well worth framing for the walls of the most pretentious home.

One artist's proof is offered with a year's subscription.

Please note that this artist's proof is suitable for framing or mounting on a mat, contains absolutely **no advertisement of any kind, and is superior from an artistic standpoint to the average picture offered by art dealers for a larger price than that which we ask for the whole year's subscription and the artist's proof.**

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REMEMBER: Every issue contains 16 pages in color. See June number, now out, 25 cents.

Reduced fac-simile of Wenzell's cover page for May.

You can't afford to miss the Broadway Magazine this Summer, therefore:

If you are going out of town, where it is difficult to procure periodicals, send us 25 cents in stamps or silver, and we will send you the BROADWAY MAGAZINE to any address designated, and change it as often as requested, from July to September inclusive.

The BROADWAY MAGAZINE during the summer months will be so fascinating and up-to-date in every respect that you should make certain of getting it. We help you to do this by making the above offer.

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"PALS."

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Something About the . . .

July Broadway Magazine

The **Broadway Magazine** has been a big success because it has published more and better pictures than any other magazine in the market. It now intends to excel also from a literary standpoint. Beginning with the July issue, we shall have some short stories, well illustrated and well worth reading. You may depend upon it that they will not be dry, prosaic and nerveless. They will be full of palpitant living, and throbbing with human impulse. However, they will not be cheaply sensational or published simply to appeal to the baser instincts. They will be as highly literary in tone as anything that appears in *Munsey's* or *McClure's*, but with the slashing style that characterizes the other features of the **Broadway Magazine.** The fiction and other features already in hand will assure the July number of the **Broadway Magazine** being a particularly fine one in every way.

The Front Page will be "A Bathing Girl," by Archie Gunn.

Other features of the July number: A whole bunch of bathing-girls, beginning at the front page and running straight through to the middle. More, and prettier and daintier bathing-girls than you have ever seen in a magazine. The front page alone will be worth the full price of admission.

Also an exciting period in "The Pursuit of Virtue" is reached. Don't miss it. New and unique schemes in connection with the pictures of pretty women, peculiar to the **Broadway Magazine.** We have sent a special representative to Europe. He will scour the art and photograph shops of Paris for the latest and best for our pages. The first installment will be published in July. Be sure to get it.

EDITION DE LUXE OF THE . . . . BROADWAY MAGAZINE

We have had bound in special and pretentious style a few copies of the Broadway Magazine, Volumes I. and II., which are for sale at $2.50, including the numbers from May, 1898, to March, 1899. This is a particularly handsome volume, splendidly bound in half morocco, with mottled edges, leather back and gold lettering.

This volume is pretentious enough for any library, and between its covers there are more beautiful pictures than have ever before been gathered within the covers of a book.

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We also make finer garments and send samples of all grades. All orders filled promptly; a suit or skirt can be made in one day when necessary. We pay express charges everywhere. If, when writing, you will mention any particular kind or color of samples that you desire, it will afford us pleasure to send you exactly what you wish. Write to-day for Catalogue and samples; we will send them to you FREE by return mail.

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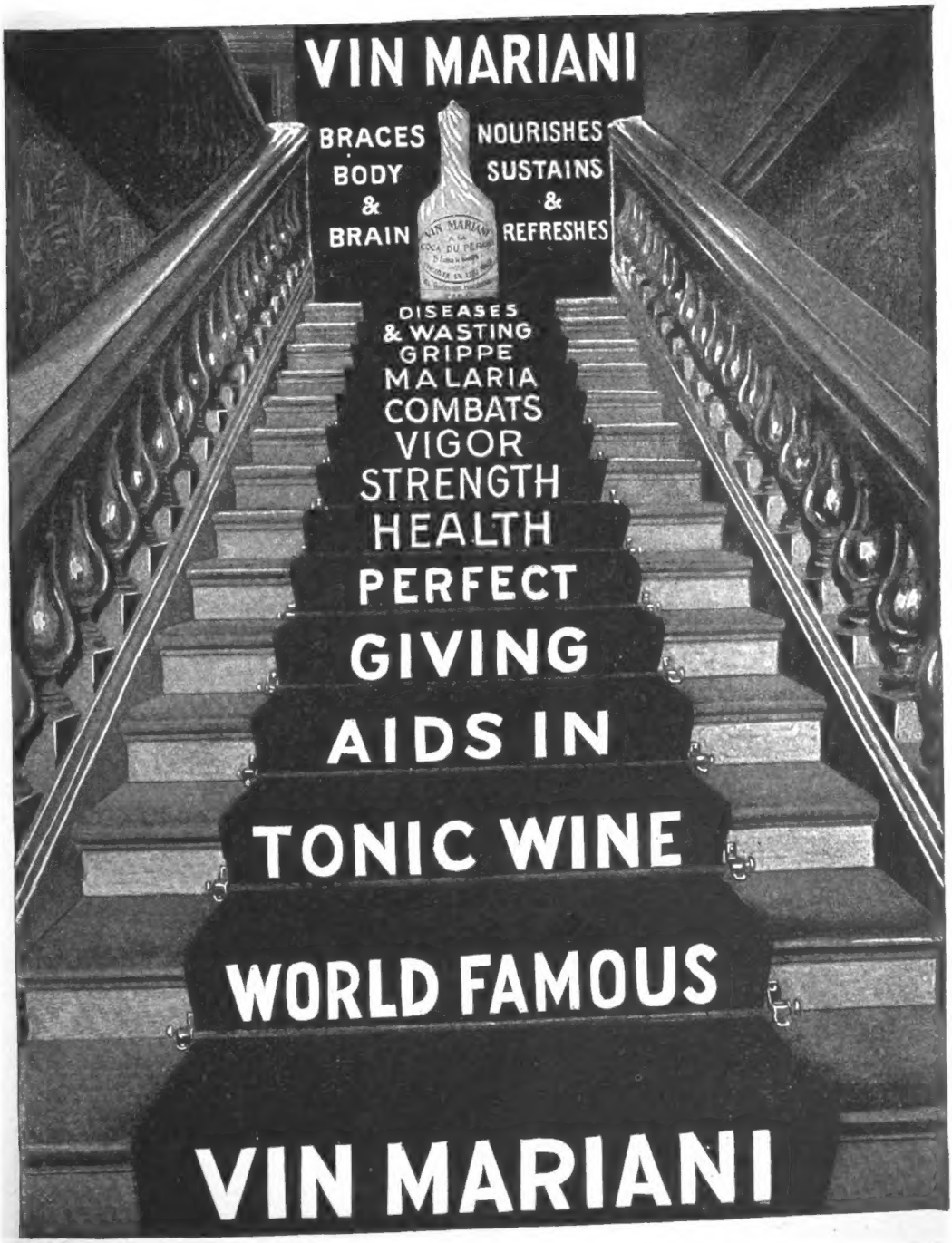

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A partial list of those which have appeared in the last twelve numbers of the Broadway Magazine. "T" stands for "in tights." Any copy below, except May, 1898, will be sent for Ten cents in stamps or silver. May, 1898, sells for Twenty-five cents.

T Agnew, Clarisse, June, '98.
Baranco, Felicia, Jan., '99.
T Barrison, Lona, Jan., '99.
Belle, May, Apr., '99.
Belton, Mabel, Apr., '99.
Berry, Maude, June, '98.
T Betz, Clara, Oct., '98.
Bloodgood, Clara, June, '98.
Bloodgood, Fannie, May, '98.
T Booth, Hope, Oct., '98.
Boucicault, Louise, June, '98.
Bouton, Mabel, Oct., '98.
Bouton, Madeline, July, '98.
Brown, Susan, Apr., '99.
Bradley, Mae, May, '98.
" " June, '98
Braggins, Nellie, March, '99.
T Bridges, Minnie, Sept., '98.
Carl, Bessie, July, '98.
Carlyle, Crissie, May, '98.
T " " Mar., '99.
Chimay, Princess, Aug., '98.
Cleveland, Camille, Aug., '98.
Comer, Imogene, Nov., '98.
Crater, Arline, May, '98.
Cushman, Charlotte, June, '98.
Dale, Kate, June, '98.
Dare, Ada, June, '98.
Davenport, Fanny, June, '98.
Doerk, Gretchen, Sept., '98.
Dupont, Helen, May, '98.
Durand, Rita, Mar., '99.
Earl, Vashti, Nov., '98.
Edwardes, Paula, July, '98.
Edwardy, Gerome, May, '98.
Fealy, Maude, June, '98.
Fenton, Mabel, June, '98.
Fox, Della, Dec., '98.
Freeman, Grace, Apr., '99.
George, Marie, Apr., '99.
Gurnett, Ursula, June, '98.
Halton, Marie, July, '98.
Harper, Belle, June, '98.
Hawley, Jennie, Oct., '98.
T Hawthorne, Nellie, July, '98.
Held, Anna, Dec., '98.
" " Feb., '99.
Hengler, Flora, June, '98.
Hengler, May, June, '98.
Hepner, Louise, May, '98.
" " June, '98.
T " " Oct., '98.
Heyer, Grace, July, '98.
" " Oct., '98.
Hill, Eunice, May, '98.
Hopper, Edna Wallace, June, '98.
" " " Aug., '98.
Howland, Jobyna, Apr., '99.
T Judson, Alice, Oct., '98.
T King, Maude, Oct., '98.
T Kopp, Norma, Mar., '99.
La Liska, July, '98.
Lessing, Madge, Aug., '98.
T " " Mar., '99.
Lewis, Leona, Dec., '98.
Lind, Letty, June, '98.
T Livingstone, Belle, Aug., '98.
Lowe, Ollie, June, '98.
Maclaren, Sara, May, '98.
T Maginn, Bonnie, Mar., '99.
Mann, Adeline, May, '98.
Marlborough, Helen, Feb., '99.
Martinot, Sadie, Aug., '98.
May, Edna, July, '98.
May, Olive, Jan., '99.
McDonald, Christie, June, '98.
Morris, Nina, July, '98.
Nielson, Alice, June, '98.
Osborne, Merri, May, '98.
" " Dec., '98.
Patrice, Sept., '98.
Pringle, Della, July, '98.
Randall, Sally, Apr., '99.
Rawlston, Zelma, June, '98.
T Rehan, Ada, June, '98.
Rivers, Gertrude, May, '98.
Rockwell, Florence, Mar., '99.
Rossmore, Dorothy, June, '98.
Russell, Lillian, May, '98.
" " Aug., '98.
" " Apr., '99.
St. Claire, Edith, May, '98.
Shannon, Effie, May, '98.
Sheldon, Jessica, Oct., '98.
Simpson, Cheridah, June, '98.
Studholme, Marie, May, '98.
" " Nov., '98.
Sutherland, Bessie, Sept., '98.
T Sylva, Marguerite, Aug., '98.
" " Nov., '98.
Tempest, Marie, Oct., '98.
Tetinia, Apr., '99.
Titcomb, Heloise, Apr., '99.
Train, Pauline, June, '98.
Usner, Dorothy, June, '98.
" " Feb., '99.
Valleau, Marie, May, '98.
Van Buren, Mary, June, '98.
Vassar, Queenie, Feb., '99.
Vera, Irene, May, '98.
T Wallace, Yolande, Oct., '98.
T " " Feb., '99.
Wallis, Gladys, July, '98.
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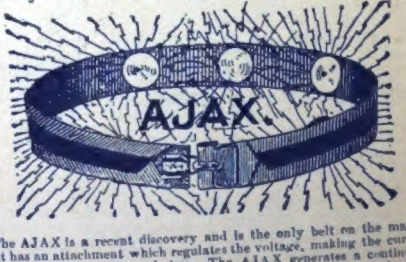

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